

Literary & Musical MAGAZINE.

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MUSICAL SKETCHES.—No. IV.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Whitaker's "Seraph."—When genius directs its attempts to so laudable a purpose as the encouragement of moral and religious feelings, it is natural for every well disposed mind to wish it all the success it is peculiarly entitled to—but when the merits of its endeavours are enhanced by the superior medium through which they are conveyed, they become doubly valuable as well on account of the richness of the matter as the pious turn of thinking they are calculated to give rise to, we think it a duty incumbent, to render it as public as possible, and consequently feel a pleasure in adding our feeble testimony to its merits, and recommending it as a work possessing great claims as a rare combination of taste, science and ability. When the talents of its conductor are considered, we need not be surprised at the union in one who has so amply contributed to the gratification of the public in another department; the execution of the English edition of this work affords an additional proof of his pre-eminence in a science which not only heightens the festive moments of mankind, but is capable of raising their souls to the contemplation of nobler objects.

The extent of the use of '*The Seraph*,' with regard to public worship, ought to be rightly estimated. We conceive it will tend with peculiar felicity to grace there creations of a Sunday evening, when the mind should be more immediately devoted to the service of the Creator; thus identifying the performance of a duty with a most agreeable science, and opening to the view of the pious, a rich selection from the inexhaustable stores of *Handel*, *Haydn*, *Mozart*, *Pleyel*, and other eminent professors, forming as complete a selection of classical sacred music, as was ever offered to public notice.

In the prospectus of '*The Seraph*,' it is very justly observed, that the result of the compiler's experience is, that he has found *much has been done* (by candidates for public favor in the late compositions of sacred music for devotional pur-

poses) but much more left undone. In the English churches it appears that the model for composing a psalm tune was formed about the time of the reformation, and is still adhered to, but its style is so monotonous, that cultivated genius and refined taste have become satiated with its dullness and insipidity. The *model* itself however pleasing it might have been in those days, when the knowledge and theory of music was so confined, will be found to be little else than a succession of chords without any reference either to *melody* or *pathos*, and any musical composition (however ingenious in point of theoretical construction) without these great requisites will never win the uncultivated ear. In this system the composers of church psalmody have so constantly persevered, even up to the present day, that they have conceived it impossible to improve the *model*, or that they have never given the subject one moment's reflection. It is, however, certain that such a mere dry combination of sounds can never embrace the imagery of poetry. The consequence then is that a congregation so situated, is compelled to hear compositions which are sameness personified, applied indiscriminately to the language of the psalmist, whether *joyful* or *meancholy*; thus is frequently heard choirs of singers, who in singing a *penitentiary psalm*, or *invoking the mercy of the Deity* have been so vehement, that their vocal efforts have rather resembled a *shout* or a *scream*, than the impressive tones of repentance or humility. The congregation being thus deafened by such a sacrifice of sense to sound, becomes indifferent to to this essential and delightful part of divine worship.

In order to prove that the generality of psalm tunes possess the defect to which I have alluded, I will instance as a rare exception, that celebrated production of '*The immortal Handel*,' known as the 104th psalm, which has been sung into a degree of popularity that will never cease but with time; and the reason is obvious, it possesses a fine flowing melody, which at once rivets the attention and delights the ear of the most ignorant.

In the English cathedral churches the music is composed and performed in a manner well calculated to express the various passages in scripture to which it is applied; there the impressive and tasteful melody is preferred to the pedantic cramped, and monotonous compositions which are produced by the joint efforts of labor and art.

In the Romish church, the music is so replete with melody, the parts for different voices are so tastefully and judiciously disposed, and the mode of performing it, so impressive, that it delights the ear to a degree bordering on enthusiasm.

In dissenting congregations, are often heard many bold and impressive flights of fancy in the melodies, that do honor to first rate musical talents—but at the same time many of them are encumbered with false harmony, forbidden progression and injudicious and fruitless attempts at counterpoint. Psalmody generally, being thus defective, it has been the endeavor of the author of this work to remove those defects; and to introduce to the notice of the pious, many fine specimens of compositions from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, and other eminent foreign and English composers, all of which are well calculated for public and private devotion, the whole of which are harmonised for four voices, in the most simple and familiar manner possibly, with an easy accompaniment for the piano forte and organ, the bass part of which is made to answer the purpose of a violoncello accompaniment, as it may prove serviceable where the instrument is used.

[By our Letter-Box.]

WHAT MAID WOULD NOT WISH TO BE THE SOVEREIGN LADY OF 20 KNIGHTS.

Pleasant is the tale of other times—it sends my soul back to the ages of old—and to the days of other years.—

A NEW NOVEL—[Continued.]

"Is an unprofitable pursuit," interrupting him, "and productive oft of disquiet and mortification. To prove the truth of what I assert, there is M. Branville."

"True," said Theodore, suppressing a sigh—and taking his flute from his pocket, would breathe in it the softest notes. Eudocia unbid then took up her lute, and accompanied him—warbling at the same time such charming sounds as gradually chased from his brow, every trace of

impatience or discontent. Again would a benevolent, feeling soul beam through his intelligent eyes, and every feature assume a softer grace, more correspondent to the elegant, captivating countenance of Eudocia, whose dimpling smiles testified her satisfaction at the restored peace of the friend, companion, and champion of her early childhood.

"Come," she would say, laying down her lute, "enough now of idleness—you are a pretty tutor truly, to be reminded of your duty by your pupil. Here it lies; my globes, compasses, maps, books 'here's a day nearly gone, and I am no wiser, no better than the last.' Down they would sit—Theodore thought study never so interesting—and Eudocia pronounced it the highest gratification. Thus passed their days till Theodore completed his eighteenth, and Eudocia her fifteenth year. He was a standard for grace and manly beauty. She, but take Theodore's description of her to a friend—'Eudocia Valere is—but she cannot be described, she must be seen, heard, known, to conceive her attractions.'

At this period was fought the battle of Guinegate, commonly called that of the Spurs; from the general flight of the French army, opposed to that of Henry the VIIIth of England, who had in person invaded France, and now elated by the victory of Guinegate, where several of the first nobles of the land, and its most experienced generals, were made prisoners, talked high of future conquests. Lewis XIIth, king of France, found it necessary to take some effectual step to check the career of the young, haughty, ambitious invader. He dreaded the renewal of the fatal times of Poitiers and Agincourt, and wished to turn aside the aim of Henry by treaty and alliance, rather than trust to the hazardous chance of war, if they could be honorably adopted; for though, as their parent, he wished to save the lives and blood of his people, and to avert from his country the melancholy wastes and devastations of war, yet his noble mind as strongly revolted from an inglorious peace. But Henry had a sister, the pride of the British court—the admiration of every other. Lewis had lately buried his Queen, Anne of Bretagne, the widow of his predecessor, Charles the VIIIth. She had been the first object of his youthful affections, when Duke of Orleans; and he had never ceased to love and reverence her, even

when divided from his hopes, and wedded to Charles. Anne, when Princess of Bretagne, had been affected by the tenderness of the young amiable Orleans; and bestowed an equal share of her own in return. Had she been famed for beauty only, the unfortunate Duke might unrivalled have obtained that hand, so necessary to his happiness; but the rich Duchy of Bretagne was an object of too much consequence, to escape the vigilant plans of the lady of Beaujeu, sister and guardian of the minor King; she resolved to annex it to the crown of France, and when she persevered, nothing seemed impossible. In spite of the numerous intrigues against her, she baffled them all: she had all the cool policy of Henry the VIIth of England, (who opposed this favorite plan) and her frequent triumphs over his schemes, proclaimed her his superior in the art of government. She possessed all his sense and penetration, which never failed to point out to him the proper objects of pursuit, but if expensive, his extreme avarice defeated every noble undertaking. The Dame of Berjeau had a generous heart, and an enlarged mind; she saw with uncommon quickness what was fit, and she inflexibly pursued it; discerning in council, and prompt in execution, she proved herself deserving of the sacred trust her father's will repose in her; and none but the Duke of Orleans, and heiress of Bretagne, ever thought themselves aggrieved by her. She knew their mutual attachment, and that it had the sanction of Duke Francis the II^d, Anne's father. But she also remembered the memorial the Duke of Orleans had presented the Parliament of Paris, objecting to her regency, and praying the administration might be altered, which, as first Prince of the blood, he claimed some share in. Neither could she forget the haughtiness with which he always treated her, and for once, she could not banish from her noble mind a guest unworthy of it, revenge. It was one of her political maxims, that private interests and passions should yield to public good; but this very one gave weight and sufficient colour to her determination, that her brother Charles should espouse the Princess Anne. She drove by this avowed intention, the tender accomplished Orleans to the last extremity of despair, open rebellion; and he took the resolution of involving his country in a civil war, rather than tamely resign a mistress dearer to him than life or liberty. If he must give up his hopes it was a consolation, he then

thought, to sell them as dear as possible, and compel Charles to win by arms, a woman he could no otherwise obtain. He was joined in his revolt by the Duke of Bretagne, and some other provinces aided his measures by their insurrections. His claims soon came to the issue of a battle at St. Aubins in Bretagne; and fortune proved inauspicious to the lovers. Francis fought for his child, and his encroached on rights; could a parent see his daughter arbitrarily disposed of, without applying to his choice, with all the arrogance of an absolute Sovereign to a petty vassal? Warmed by resentment and indignant pride, he animated his troops to the charge; and love and heroism gave Orleans accumulated impetuosity, and heightened his natural courage to such a pitch of enthusiasm as marked his efforts for victory, and might have ranked him with the most celebrated heroes of antiquity. But 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;' and in the general defeat of his army, Orleans was obliged to resign himself a prisoner to that renowned general, de la Trimouille.

What passions, what feelings, accompanied the illustrious captive to the tent prepared for him. Overwhelmed by the shame of his defeat, grieved for the lives his ineffectual rebellion had cut off from society—agonised by the loss of her with whom compared, life or empire seemed poor in the balance; he threw himself on the ground, yielding to despair, no one distant hope illuminated by the faintest gleam, the dark and dreary prospect—Ah! Why did not some pitying power present to his view the glory which fate held in store for him, and whisper to his saddened soul, that love and ambition would yet bless him with their fullest gratifications? But why investigate the sacred mysterious ways of Providence? OLERON.

[To be continued.]

ANECDOTE.

An Irishman was saying, that he once saw a person beheaded, with his hands tyed behind him, who immediately picked it up and placed it again on his shoulders! Ha! ha! said a bye-stander, how could he pick up his head with his hands tyed behind him! Och! said Paddy, you fool! could not he have picked it up with his teeth!

O still Remember Me;

The Music extracted from MR. PHILIPPS'S beautiful Ballad
 Entitled "The
"BLOOMING ROSE AT EARLY MORN."
 WORDS BY H. C. LEWIS.

Andante Expressivo.

sf

f p sf

Oh! while thy ten - der heart can beat, Still, still, re-mem - ber me! Re-

mf

member me till next we meet, Remember me till next we meet, Or love be dear, be

<>

espres

PP

dear to thee! Or love be dear to thee! Re - member me till next we meet, Or
 love be dear to thee.

[II.]

By all the joys we've known so well—

• The spell of love and thee—

While thought upon those joys can dwell,

While thought upon those joys can - - - dwell,

Re-

mem - ber me, re - mem - - - ber me! O still re - mem - ber me! By

all the joys we've known so well, Still, still re-mem - - - - ber me.

LITERARY & MUSICAL MAGAZINE
PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17, 1819.

CONCERT.

MRS. DE LUCE respectfully informs her friends and the public, that her Concert will take place *on next Thursday evening, the 20th inst.* at *Mr. Labbe's Ball Room, Library street, between 4th and 5th streets:* She will be assisted by MR. CRISTIANI, who will render every exertion in his power for the gratification of the audience.

PART I.

Overture—full orchestra,	Cristiani.
Song, mrs. De Luce, "Whilst with Village Maids I stray,"	Shield.
Duett, mrs. De Luce and mr. Cristiani,	Cristiani.
Piano Forte,	Do.
Italian Song, Cristiani, Piano Forte,	Do.
Polucca, mrs. De Luce,	Bishop.
Echo Song, mrs. De Luce,	

PART II.

Overture—full orchestra,	Cristiani.
Duett, mrs. De Luce and mr. Cristiani,	Do.
Song, mrs. De Luce, Roy's Wife of Aldivaloch,	
Melley Sonata, Piano Forte, mr. Cristiani	
by particular desire, in which he will introduce a part of each piece in the Concert,	Do.
Song, mrs. De Luce, "Like the gloom of night retiring,"	Bishop.
Comic Duett, mrs. De Luce and mr. Cristiani, by particular desire,	Cristiani.
Tickets to be had, at \$1 each, at the music stores of mr. Bacon, and mr. Willig, and of mr. Labbe, No. 169 Pine-st.	

The musical talents of this Lady and Mr. Cristiani, were so fully developed to an uncommon assemblage of Beauty and respectability, on last Thursday evening, that the annunciation of a repetition of their performances, is hailed with considerable pleasure. Tho' no perceptible room for improvement was left that night; still the mind naturally expects a second rehearsal always to surpass the first effort. However this impression may operate on those who had not the pleasure of hearing the first, we must say, for ourselves, that our anticipations are hopeless of ever being more delighted, than we were on Thursday last:—And on this occasion, the public may rest assured, that the known disposition of Mr. Cristiani to oblige his pupil, Mrs. De Luce, will suffer him to spare no pains to create again that thrilling satisfaction which was so perceptible in the features of his audience, by the exertion of his tasteful and scientific knowledge, aided by the melody of the present candidate for public favor, whose improvement in manner and taste of expression, by the

instructions of so able a master in the graces, was very discernable, as to entitle her to much praise, while it reflects honor on the talents of her preceptor.

The compositions of Mr. Cristiani, are in a style new to this country; but they are all so replete with harmony and melody, that the ear can actually anticipate its pleasure, with the same ease as it can in the *repetition* of a known and favorite tune; and as Mr. Cristiani himself has acknowledged the superior perfection of Mrs. De Luce's voice—he must certainly be satisfied that she has done him justice in the exercise of her powers to display the richness of his melodies. This opinion of Mr. Cristiani, is certainly the greatest and best recommendation to the favor of the public, that Mrs. De Luce can possibly receive; and therefore any bombastic or fulsome panegyric, as appeared in the "Aurora" last week, must certainly be very disgusting to such persons, and insulting to an enlightened people. Indeed, when we first read the paragraph, we exclaimed, "some enemy hath done this!" But on reflection, we were led to believe that the writer intended a compliment, and that he was some friend of Mr. Cristiani, not sufficiently acquainted with the *idioms* of the English language, which are so often misapplied by foreigners as to turn that which they intended as *serious praise to irony or ridicule*, as was the case in the communication to the "Aurora." We hope the writer will be more careful in future; or, if all his *puffs* are such *blasts*, we advise him to leave off *blowing*, not only for his own credit, but to save the feelings of his friends, and the respect of the public.

Written on the night of the 13th inst. on returning from Cristiani's Concert.

He who has a soul to feel
And melt at music's softest lays,
The tear-drop o'er his eye will steal
As Cristiani sweetly plays.
And when he least expects it near,
A tone of contrast calls the smile
(E'en as still lingers there the tear,)
To beam around his lip the while;
And then a sad inspiring strain
Will bear his mind, on grandeur's wings
E'en while the tear and smile remain,
To drink at music's purest spring.
Still Cristiani round me floats,
This music of my memory!
Still the mind's echoes swell the notes,
And my soul soars in melody. S.
[Aurora.]

THE MELOLOGUE,

Written by T. Moore, esq. for Mrs. Bartley, and recited by her at all the principal Theatres in this country, with the most unbounded applause.

[*Strain of music.*]

There breathes the language known and felt,
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
Wherever rage can rouse or pity melt
That language of the soul is felt and known,
From those meridian plains,
Where oft of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,
That when she heard the well-known lay,
Not words could keep her from his arms away,
To those black realms of polar night,
Where the youth of Lapland's sky,
Bids his rapid reindeer fly,
And sings along the darkling waste of snow,
As bright as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow.
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same,
And faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee.

[*Greek air.*]

List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While from Hyssus' silvery springs,
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn,
While by her side in music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return.
When Athens nursed her olive bough
With hands by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the muses' brow
A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd,
When heroes trod each classic field,
Where coward feet now faintly falter,
And every arm was freedom's shield,
And every heart was freedom's altar.

[*Greek air, interrupted by a trumpet.*]

Hark! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ear—
Oh—many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy soldier, when that sound she hears,
And tho' her fond heart sinks with fears,
Is proud to hear his young pulse bound
With valor'd fever at the sound,
See from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war,
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights,
A conqueror oft, a hero never,
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd forever.
Oh music! here even here,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wond'rous power;
There is an air, which oft among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour

Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks;
O! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts, and bring about his knees
The rosy children which he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut to scenes like these?
Vain, vain is then, the trumpet's brazen roar,
Sweet notes of home, of love are all he hears;
And the stern eyes that look'd for blood before,
Now melting mournful, lose themselves in tears.

[*Rends de vache interrupted by a trumpet.*]

But wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior men.
Oh war! when truth thy arm employs,
And freedom's spirit guides the laboring storm,
Thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And like heaven's lightening, sacredly destroys.
Nor music, thro thy breathing sphere
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of him who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man awaking
From slavery's slumber, breathes to liberty.

[*Spanish patriot's song.*]

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air,
And seems in every note to swear,
By Saragossa's ruined streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while one Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain a conquerer's glory.

[*Spanish air concluded.*]

But ah! if vain the patriot Spaniards' zeal,
If neither valor's force, nor wisdom's lights,
Can break or melt the blood-cemented seal
That shuts to close the book of Europe's rights,
What song shall then in sadness tell,
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes remember'd well,
Of ardor quenched, and honor faded;
What muse shall mourn the faithful brave,
In sweetest dirge at memory's shrine;
What harp shall sigh o'er freedom's grave?

Oh! Erin, thine.

[*Melancholy Irish air, succeeded by a lively one.*]
Blest notes of mirth, ye spring from sorrow's lay
Like the blest vesper of the bird that sings
In the bright sunset of an April day,
While the cold shower yet hangs upon his wings.
Long may the Irish heart repeat
An echo to these lively strains.
And when the stranger's ears shall meet
That melody on distant plains,
Oh! he will feel his soul expand
With grateful warmth, and sighing say—
Thus speaks the music of the land,
Where welcome ever lights the stranger's way,
When still the woe of others to beguile,
Is even the gayest heart's most loved employ:
Where grief herself will generously smile
Through her own tears to share another's joy.

ECONOMY.

Don't be alarmed, reader, whatever may be your situation in life, at the use of the above term. The time has actually arrived for its practice from *necessity*; it had been more honorable to have practised it from *choice*. In reflecting on the causes which have produced the pecuniary alarm and difficulty so painfully realising at this moment, I am constrained to ascribe a small—I had almost said a large—proportion to our own extravagance! Let the sweet, the lovely nymph, who trips along, decorated in the produce of India, reflect that the hard-earned *Spanish dollars* of her father are required in payment for these baubles, and that her natural loveliness would be improved if she would appear attired in the produce of her own soil—of her own fair hands. One word to the *pasteboard gentry*, and I have done. Gentlemen,—if you merit the epithet—you who stride along *Market-street*, stiffened up in *corsets*, with quilted breasts to your coats, and with—I know not what—on your necks, I would beg you consider the ridiculously absurd figure you go, and that even the *corsets* you disgrace yourselves by wearing, are, perhaps, *unpaid for*.

The affairs of a nation may be compared to those of an individual. I would, therefore, beg you *nationally* and *individually*, to pause whilst we are yet on the threshold of *ruin*, and *retrench*.

EXPERIENCE.**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

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• still Remember Me, by H. C. Lewis, Music ex-
tracted from Mr. Philipp's Ballad entitled "The
Blooming Rose at early morn."

Love and Music, by N. De Luce.
Blow, blow, thou *Winters* wind—Dr. Arne,
Whither my Love, sung by Mrs. French,
Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch, sung by Mrs. French,
Will you be Mine,
Vale of Avoca, by Moore,
What Girl but loves the merry Tar,
Jesu! Saviour of my soul,
Is there a heart that never lov'd, sung by Mr. Philipps.
Tho' love is warm awhile, sung by Mr. Philipps.
Ah sure a pair was never seen, sung by Mr. Philipps.
Bewildered Maid, sung by Mr. Philipps.
Love's Young Dream, sung by Mr. Philipps.
Young Henry, or Love and Glory, sung by Mr.
Brenan.
Isabel, my Love, by H. C. Lewis.
Village Maids I stray, sung by Mrs. De Luce.
Bruce's Address, sung by Mr. Incledon.
Sailors Last Whistle, sung by Mr. Incledon.
The Heart of Charity, by H. C. Lewis.
We shall live together Laddie!
Do not Delay, my Love, by H. C. Lewis, Music by
Storace.

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